AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER X. That night the Riflers, seven companies, were whirled away by special June-nothing else. train to the rescue of the railway shops and roundhouses at Cimmaron Springs, interrupted, her eyes flashing anew. The a hundred miles to the north. One of those unaccountable manias that prompt men to appropriate other people's property had seized upon the employes of the road. The valley division had been forced to abandon all trains, and it was only a question of time, said the ringleaders, when the mountain division would follow suit. Passenger and cattle, fruit and freight trains were blockaded. The mails, sent through at first with a single car, were presently belated, then blocked entirely, and Uncle Sam, who had been showing his teeth for twenty-four hours, now showed his hand. In the old days of Sedgwick it was the cavalry that was perpetually being bustled off on the war path, leaving the infantry to hold the fort, but of late the Indians had kept the peace and the cavalry the post. Then came the sudden outbreak of trouble on an Eastern road, the swift assurance of sympathy from brethren in the West, and then a strike that speedily established 'the fact that there were still savages in the valley of the Bravo, for men who tried to stand to their duty were kicked and battered into pulp, and helpless women and children were burned out of house and home.

The colonel was in no wise eager to go on any such mission. He kept at the metaphorical front, but the actual rear, of his men, secure in the precaution that | the troopers who were not to go were cool-headed Captain Hayne was forward on the pilot of the engine. If the trestle work were sawed away or bridges ment and had been told that Mrs. Hayne burned at inconvenient points Hayne would run back to Florence again as would not be apt to let the train stumble into the pitfall. It was nearly dawn | dren were to be allowed to sit up and see before the special reached Santa Fe Junction, but the Riflers marched thither soon after midnight, leaving many weeping wives at home. They had sergeant a few minutes and hurried not the stoicism of those women long schooled in such calamities-the ladies of

Buxton succeeded to the command of the post and its garrison, now made up of one big squadron of the -th, four troops, and Captain Blinker's battery of mounted artillery, and what fairly pestered Buxton was why the colonel should have sent for Mr. Merriam within ten minutes after the dispatches began coming in just after retreat, and Merriam wouldn't tell.

The first dispatch was from department headquarters, and bade the colonel hold his entire regiment ready for instant duty and a journey by rail. Bux was with him when it came, and together they had gone to the office. Then was handed in another, which the colonel read but did not pass over to his second in command. On the contrary, he thought a bit and sent for Mr. Merriam, and took him to one side and had a conversation with him of five minutes' duration that was inaudible to everybody else. Bux did catch a word or two, but could make of it nothing that did not stimulate his curiosity. "Killed," "Mescalero mountains," "written statement" -"McLane-only twenty-three" were some of them, and when he took the commanding officer's desk the next day he ransacked it to find that dispatch, supposing it to be something official. It was only semi-official, said the operator. It came from department headquarters, but was addressed to the colonel personally, not in his capacity as post commander, consequently it was not filed and Bux couldn't find it.

The guard had to be reduced, and Buxton gave orders accordingly-a sergeant, three corporals, twelve sentries for four posts, and the inevitable and indispensable orderly for the commanding officer being all now authorized, since both battery and troop commanders had to keep up their stable guards. But Buxton insisted on a lieutenant as officer of the guard, and, as luck would have it, the man directed to relieve the infantry sub starting off with his regiment was Randolph Merriam.

He had hastened home to let Florence know it was the Riflers this time, and instead of finding her somewhat tranquilized was distressed to see traces of he slowly descended the stairs. continued, if not greater, agitation. Mrs. | She heard him let himself out into the home. Florence had left the sofa and was nervously pacing the little room. He heard her rapid footsteps as he let himself in at the door below, but as he bounded up the stairs she hurried to the window and stood leaning against the sash, her back toward him as he entered. Closing the door and hastening to her. Merriam took her in his arms and turned her face to his. It was hot and flushed. The eyes were still red with weeping, the lids swollen and disfigured.

"Why, Florence, dear," he began in tones of mingled reproof and distress. "what can have happened to so disturb you? We do not go. It is only the Riflers this time."

then a sudden outburst; "I wish we did go. I wish to heaven I had never again seen this hateful, hateful post-or else that she had not."

"She! Florence? Who?" "The woman you went to see when I was out of the way after parade this evening-and dare not tell me. "Florence! Florence!" he cried, in ut-

dear," he pleaded, for she was strug-"Child?-I am no child! I was one,

perhaps, when you came into my life- haversacks, canteens and crammed cartwhen I married you. But not now-not | ridge belts." There was but brief cerenow, Randy. I'm a woman with a burn- mony. The colonel whipped out his ing, bleeding heart. Why should you go | sword and gave "column of fours," the there? Why should you hide it from | rifles of the first company leaned to the

business of any kind with her-now?" tone changing to one in which pain and Juntil the hospital corps at the rear of reproach were mingling now. "I have column was clear to the gate, then route not seen her; indeed she refused to step was ordered, and then by twos and

to come. What right had he if she

didn't mean to see you?" "That remains to be explained, Florest. Mrs. Grafton said the lady had declined to see anybody and had gone I was most anxious to come to you, my wife, little dreaming what welcome was

"Tell me this," she demanded, suddeny facing him and looking into his can there be any reason why she should wish to see you-alone?"

Merriam hesitated. "Florence," he beknown to a man that he must divulge to no one. I do not know what she desires of me, but I believe it is her wish to get no further than the post. The midnight call of the sentries had known to a man that he must divulge to started as the Riflers marched away, no one. I do not know what she desires of me, but I believe it is her wish to seemed to get no further than the post. The Deacon—But he has esplained that.

The midnight call of the sentries had whittaker would never go—I fairly had run.

She—And you this this terrible about to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of present, Morita?

The Parson—lan't this terrible about to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of present, Morita?

She—And you this of me ven I am not to send him. Mr. Merriam is officer of present, Morita?

He—Repects, you are always in my mind, those self-same mysteries were not to put take me to him for just a minute? If I i tween sunrise and sunset. Premiums for the beauty of the sentrice had the cheers, to see the self-same mysteries were not to put take me to him for just a minute? If I i tween sunrise and sunset. To-lay, ven I was figurin der interest on a too fine a point on it, rather gay.

who was killed up the Mescalero last

"And needs a private interview with her rejected lover for that purpose," she child was indeed a woman. "Oh, I hate her. I hate her," she cried, throwing herself passionately upon the sofa, and then Merriam cried "Hush!" for some one was knocking at the door. It was the servant, their oblique-eyed

-talkee; no listen." It was a brief summons to relieve Lieutenant Henry in command of the guard at once. Henry had to go with his

Chinaman, with a note. "My knockee

tlee times," he grinned. "All time talkee

"Mrs. Hayne is coming back, is she not?" he queried of Florence, but had to repeat the query twice. She only shook

He waited a moment. "Listen, Florence, dear," he presently said, as he bent compassionately over her. "I am ordered on guard at once and must go to relieve Henry. Even though I cannot tell you what Mrs. McLane wishes to see me about, this I will tell you, dear. If I must see her, you shall know it first -from me, and not hear of it through some meddling gossip."

He was wondering as he walked away

who could have told his wife he had

called at Grafton's and asked for Mrs.

McLane. He was too proud to inquire. He had kissed her gently, forgivingly, as he said to himself, before coming away, and promised that he would be with her again if only for a few minutes before the signal for lights out. He found Henry swearing with impatience, as the youngster had a "raft" of preparations to make, and it was very late, nearly 11 o'clock, before he had re-established the sentry posts as ordered by the new officer of the day. The trumpets sounded "taps" to heedless ears, and the lights burned brightly in all the barracks, and chaffing the "dough boys" who were, and so mixing up not a little in the work of preparation. He had seen Hayne a mosoon as she had seen to the packing of his mess chest and field kit. The chilthe regiment off. Merriam supposed when taps came that by this time Mrs. Hayne was with Florence, but all the same he left the guard in charge of the away over the parade and up to her room, and there he found her lying almost as he had left her-face downward

upon the sofa, and all alone. Throwing aside his belt and saber, Randy knelt by her side and strove gently to turn her toward him.

"Have you no welcome for me even now, my little girl?" he murmured. "Do you realize this is the first trouble that has ever come between us, and that I'm being very, very much abused for something that is no fault of mine?" His tone and manner were almost playful, despite a certain soreness at heart he could not quite ignore, but Floy resisted and was silent. "I have only a moment or two, my wife," he presently continued. gravely and sadly. "You are soldier enough to know I should not be away from my guard even now, but my heart yearned over you, Florence, in your illness and distress, and I had to steal a moment. Won't you come into my arms a little while and let me kiss away the traces of those foolish tears?"

Ah, who knows how much her heart, too, may have been pleading with his pleading voice at the moment, yet the devil of her jealous love kept rigid guard between them. "I shall do very well," she answered, coldly. "Mrs. Hayne was here and I told her not to stay"-pause-then, "neither

At first he could not believe his senses. The wild outburst of a few hours before was something easily accounted for in one so young and passionate, but this cold, repellant, remorseless refusal, this practical dismissal of his proffer of love. comfort and caresses, this was something utterly unlike Florence. It not only amazed, it stung him, and, rising slowly to his feet, he stood one moment looking down at her in deep bewilderment, and with no little effort curbing his tongue and temper. The pretty wrapper she wore had become disarranged, and the one slender slippered foot that projected from beneath its shelter was tapping nervously the foot of the sofa. Stifling a sigh, he looked about him, took from a neighboring chair a heavy shawl she had been using earlier in the day, and, carefully spreading it over her so as to cover even the rebellious foot, he quietly picked up his saber and as quietly walked to the door. There, turning about, he looked back at her. Without changing her position, she had calmly stripped off the shawl with her right hand and dropped it to the floor. The slippered foot was still beat-

Hayne, of course, had been hurried night and the clank of the scabbard against the gate post and the tramp of his cavalry boot as he crossed the road. He walked slowly, heavily now, not eagerly as he came. Florence heard and four or five favorite horses, and the as she came opposite the parlor window noted, and then her pride and resolution gave away, and again she wept bitter.

ing its nervous, irreconcilable tattoo as

bitter, yet not wholly penitent tears. The waning moon was shining over the dim, far-stretching desert to the east, and a little torchlight procession was forming at the band barracks as Merriam recrossed the parade. Each musician wore attached to his headgear a the breathless stillness of the air, and his voice and hers, low-toned, earnest, bright little lamp, its reflector so ar- the moon was climbing high, and Bux | ah! passionate-for she heard her murranged as to throw the light full upon | was still up and swearing. A "wire" the sheet of music in the rack of his instrument. It was nearly time to form For one moment there was silence, the regiment, and though the band was not to go, it meant to "play the boys on to the cars," as the sergeant said. Whit- skylarking as suited, their humor. The taker, longing for excitement of some kind, had gone to Buxton and begged permission to turn out his troop, mounted, and escort the Riflers to the railway, and Bux said "no" with cheer- in any such tomfoolery, however, and ful and customary alacrity. All the the patrol was saddled and ready to same all the post was up and mostly out start. Grafton, coming back from his ter amaze and distress. "Listen to me, of doors, thronging about the edge of stable, where he had gone to personally the parade, when adjutant's call sounded | see to the selection of the mounts regling to release herself-"listen to me, and the two battalions came swinging quired, stopped and drew Merriam to out in full marching order-"campaign hats, blankets rolled, great coats folded. right shoulder, the band burst forth into "You were ill and wretched. I knew its liveliest strain, and, taking the lead, the regiment off, and now, I presume. you could not bear her. Grafton asked | the baton-beating drum major at its | she's flirting with Whittaker. There me to come on a matter entirely of busi- | head, away they tramped for the southeast gate, and all Fort Sedgwick seemed | the orderly hasn't found him, and Bux "Oh, what business have you to have to follow. The colonel spurred his way | may send you after the stragglers in and jolted out in front of the band, his "I do not yet know, Florence," he an- | adjutant at his heels. The cadenced swered, slowly releasing her, and his step and spirited music were kept up threes and little squads and parties the | front now, and that matched team of "You said Captain Grafton urged you | throng of escorts came drifting back, by far the larger portion veering off to the right and taking the pathway toward | three trips around the row to-night." the barracks, while a long string of ence. I have had no time to inquire. women and children, with a few attend-Indeed, I have not felt sufficient inter- ant officials, kept the direct road, nearly westward, that ran in front of the main line of officers' quarters. Over at the back to bed, prostrated again, possibly, guardhouse the little handful of armed soldiers had stood watching from afar | the rear gate.' the formation and departure of the regiin store for me. Florence, dear, is it | ment, and now, spreading their blankets, possible—is it credible that you have let | were settling themselves for a brief nanthat poor woman come as a torment into | before relieving the sentries now slowly your life and make you so unjust to me? | tramping their posts, and Merriam, after Oh, my little soldier girl, is this just to one long look at the distant row, vainly seeking for the bright light that used to burn in her parlor window on previous nights when he was on guard, turned troubled eyes. "Is there any business- into the office of the guardhouse with a Mrs. McLane, and she began at once. heavy heart and a weary sigh, and sat

prisoners and the half finished report.

right. Silence was gradually settling I do." down upon the moonlit garrison, although voices of women and children flagstaff tiny sparks as of cigars could be seen, and low, gruff voices were heard in consultation. A moment or two more call off half past 12, and barely had he done so, and Merriam was straining his sharply, "Who comes there?" "Commanding officer and friends," was | him as he enters."

the answer in Buxton's growl.

amine and receive the party. ity as he bulged ahead. "Oh, Mr. Mer-'dough boys' in hopes of a round of drinks at the junction, probably. I want a mounted patrol to go in at once and herd 'em all back, otherwise some of them will be carried away on the train sure as shooting. Just give your stable sentry orders to let a dozen horses out. I'll send Whittaker in command; he wanted to turn out and go as escort. Lots of your men are in there I suppose, Captain Grafton," he concluded as he turned to the silent officer at his side.

"Half a dozen, possibly, sir, though I doubt it. Do you wish horses and men from my troop? If not, sir, I'll retire." "Yes, sir, I do. I want three men and horses from each troop-good men, too. If I send a squad from just one troop those runagates will be down on just that one company and we'll be in hot water for a whole year."

Grafton silently touched his cap and turned away. Far off to the southeast there was a sound of cheering, and the band had struck up some rollicking quickstep, whereat old Bux gritted his teeth and swore anew. "Damn those infernal idiots. Do you know what'll be the result of this? The regiment will get away on the train and then that band instead of coming back will go to Miguel's saloon, and there they'll start a baile and have that whole greaser population in there drinking mescal and guardiente, and ripping and fighting until everybody's beastly drunk. I won't have it, sir," and he glared at the officer of the guard as though he considered that silent official a coconspirator. "I won't have it, I say. I wish Mr. Whittaker to start at once and round up the

And with that he strode portentously away in the direction of headquarters. the orderly following with a grin. Corporal Mahoney came in from his round. reporting three and four all right and everything secure.

"But there's one thing, sir; No. 2 can't begin to see the length of his post, and with so many private horses in the little stables back of the row what's to prevent them beggars from town running off half a dozen head? Once across the mesa and into the Santa Clara country there'd be no catching them."

"We must take the chances," said Merriam, briefly. "The commanding officer will not permit any increase of

Yet the corporal's warning made him think of his own favorite saddle horse and Floy's pretty bay. She rode so well, so fearlessly, tirelessly that one of his very first gifts to her had been this dainty litle mare, swift and sure-footed as a greyhound, and about as wonderful a jumper, and Florence gloried in her and in the dashing rides they used to take. They didn't mind the lack of shaded bridle paths. They scoured the plain full gallop, riding recklessly after the bounding jack rabbits, and coming home all athrill and aglow with the glorious exercise. But of late the rides had become more sedate and slow and less frequent, and then when Mrs. Mc-Lane proposed being of the party Florence discovered Mignon to be suddenly lame and had a shoe removed and a hoof poulticed, and Randy smiled but said nothing. Mignon was surprised, perhaps, but not Mr. Merriam. He was thinking of the unprotected condition of to her. He had reached the flagstaff. those stables back of officers' row, where There lay the beaten pathway right bethose gentlemen who owned private stock were required to keep theirs instead of, as had been customary under a previous administration, at the cavalry he had turned away-was walking, not or quartermaster's corrals. The colonel | toward the west end, but straight for the of the Riflers had once been knuckle middle of the row, straight to where the rapped for allowing public forage to be fed to private "mounts" of some garrison ladies, and now he had his eyes open. The Freemans, Haynes, Graftons and Merriams, as well as the doctor, all | Had he not said only a little while behad private horses for ladies' use; so did fore that never would he see or speak certain others; and although every with her without coming first to his wife, mounted officer could draw forage for his Florence and letting her know? Yet, two horses, not a peck of oats could he why should he go thither at this hour of get beyond that, and when it came to the night? That was not the way to the forage for ladies' horses-animals never | sentry posts. Unconsciously she apridden or driven except by ladies, and proached the edge of the plazza-she too light for government service, the saw him reach the roadway-saw him colonel drew the line at that entirely, cross it-saw him-merciful God! could

hand. He had often thought how easy it | through the gate and, almost running, would be for greasers-natural horse down eastward along the walk. Nearthieves-to sneak in on that southern | ing the Graftons, she pressed her hand to front of a dark night and make off with her heart to still its mad pounding, and colonel used to keep three sentries along she noted that the lamps were burning there. Now they had only one, "All the dimly, late as it was. Could he have enmore reason for my keeping personal tered? Breathless, dazed, she clung to watch on that front," thought Randy, "and that will give me an occasional

chance to look in on Florence." One o'clock came, and the call had gone from sentry to sentry, thanks to came out from the junction that the 'special' would not be there for two hours, so the Riflers had stacked arms. unslung packs and were snoozing or colonel had given permission for a dance at Miguel's. The band was playing, and there was jollity in the wind. Bux said he wouldn't have the cavalry mixed up | the sin and woe of a reeling world.

"I'm sorry for the needless trouble you took this evening, Merriam, I had hoped that Mrs. McLane would see you and have done with it. Another dispatch came for her three hours ago, and it seems to have roused her to action She was up and dressed in time to see are lights in the parlor. At all events

"Then I reckon I'll start and make the ounds and get out of the way," said Randy. "By the way, captain, I hope your private stable is well secured. We have only one sentry on that whole yours is a powerful temptation to Bravo horse fanciers. I mean to make two or

"Well, then I can save you several hundred yards, Merriam," said Grafton, fumbling in his pocket. "Take the short cut through my yard. There are no private horses between me and the east end of the line, you know. Here's the key to

Merriam took it and thanked him "I'll go to the corrals first," said he "and then come over your way. Good

The lights were still burning dimly in the parlor as Grafton reached his quarters, but the slender form of a woman stood between him and the door. It was "I have been waiting anxiously for himself down to look over the list of | you, Captain. Dear Harriet has gone to

her room tired out, and I thought Mr.

of No. 2, and Corporal Mahoney had can talk with him three minutes it will gone to see if three and four were all be ample, and I cannot rest now until Grafton was on the point of bidding

her remember that she had refused a came floating faintly across the dim | chance of talking with him earlier that parade, and out under the spectral white | night, but refrained. He looked back across the sallow, moonlit surface of the parade to where the oil lamps were burning blearily in the guard room. and the sentry on No. 1 was bidden to "He is not there," said he. "He has gone down to the corrals. But"-a hapby thought striking him-"in less than ears for the answering cry of the out- | ten minutes he will be coming through lying posts, than a second time the here on his rounds. I gave him the key sentry let loose his voice and challenged of our rear gate. It's warm and pleasant out here. You might hail and halt

Meantime there had been a sore, sore-"Halt! Corpril the guard-command- hearted young wife further up the row. ing officer and friends," answered No. 1, As wrath and passion sobbed themselves and Merriam sprang to his feet, while away and the devil of jealousy wore the corporal went bounding out to ex- itself out, and the thought of Randy's patience and gentleness and of all that "I want the officer of the guard," said | Mrs. Hayne had said of his unflagging Buxton, impatient of etiquette or formal- | tenderness and love, poor Florence began to wonder if she had not angered riam, there must be at least a hundred him beyond repair. His last act had been of our men gone tagging along with the one of fond, thoughtful care. He had spread the shawl over her and lingered over it as though he loved to touch her, mad, miserable, ugly, hateful as she had been, and she had spitefully thrown it off. She picked it up now and strove to arrange it as he had done, but could not. She arose and bathed her face and eyes, and gazed out over the now deserted parade. She had not even stirred when the Riflers marched away. She paced the floor again and felt that she was weak, and became conscious that she was most unromantically hungry, and then-Oh, heavens! how could she!how could she have forgotten? Here was Randy on guard, up all night, and never before since they came back from their wedding tour had she failed when he was officer of the guard to have a delightful little chafing-dish supper all ready for him at 12 o'clock, and he used to come over from his duties for half an hour and eat with such an appetite and praise her welsh rarebit or her oysters,

and then take her in his arms with such

love and delight in his fond eyes, and

here-and here it was 1 o'clock and

she'd utterly forgotten it. Oh, poor

In ten minutes Mrs. Merriam had

Randy must be starving!

bundled up her disheveled hair, donned some more becoming gown than the tumbled wrapper, and had bustled down stairs and lighted the parlor lamp to signal Randy to come home and be fed and forgiven, and then she ransacked the cupboard and started her fire, and then peeped over toward the distant guard room and saw no sign of his coming. She trotted through the kitchen and banged lustily at Hop Ling's door and bade him rise and go summon his master, but the menial answered not. He, too, had slipped away to the junction-pot so much to see the Riflers off as to have a shy at fan-tan, and Florence was alone. Never mind. She had been born and reared in garrison. No one could teach her the ins and outs of post life. Why shouldn't she run across the wide, dimly lighted flat and surprise her darling at his desk, and bid him come home with her and let her twine herself about him and have a happier cry as she told him how weak, and wicked, and cruel, and hateful she had been, and beg to be taken back into his love and trust. Yes, yes, well she knew that he was too noble, too grand to treat her sternly, coldly because of her tempestuous outbreak. It was all because she loved him so-loved him so that it was torture to think any other woman could claim or hold or even attract him. With brightening eyes, with bounding heart she threw over her head and shoulders a light wrap and stepped out on the piazza. Somebody was coming across the parade-from the guard house-even now. He was still too far away to be recognized, but as he halted one minute and turned as though to listen to the sentries just beginning to call half past 1 the moonlight glinted on the steel scabbard, and she knew it must be Randy. Then he was coming to her after all, and she need not have to seek him and be the first to "make up," as she used to say in girlish days. The call went round with echoing ring, and then on came her lover husband again. How she loved that martial stride of his. How erect and strong and soldierly he seemed. How-why-he wasn't coming-straight

Graftons lived-where-that woman lived. But that meant nothing. Oh, no! Florence well knew that meant nothing. and was sustained by a virtuous Con- she believe her eyes?-saw him enter nes of Santa Clara close at | Florence sped madly down the steps, out the picket fence for support, not knowing what to do next, and then the blood seemed to turn to ice in her veins, for somewhere close at hand, just beyond those sheltering vines she heard voices, mur "Oh, Randy, Randy!" and, stepping quickly forward, saw her just around the corner of the trellis, apparently clinging to his arm, the two dim figures seemingly linked together, blending in one vague, indistinguishable, yet damning shape, and then all grew dark to her, as though a pall had been dropped from the starry heavens, hiding from sight

fore his eyes and hers. He must see the

bright lights of his home bidding him

come and find love and welcome. But

(To be continued next Sunday.)

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Chinese parents, unable or unwilling to provide for their children, sell them to The St. Louis directory for 1896, just issued, indicates that the population of the city is now 611,268, an increase of 125,059 since

Of the foreign born population of the United States the Irish are now only about 20 per cent., whereas in 1850 they were over An innovation, or rather a return to the

custems of the days of the revolution, at Machias, Me., last week, was the opening of the town meeting with prayer. The Bank of England was established in 1694. It was projected by William Paterson, a Scotchman, and its chief objects were to supply the deficiency of money and the necessities of the government.

Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek beauty, with perfectly white skin. tawny hair and blue eyes. Her chief fascination was her voice, which is described as being low, well modulated and singularly

Hiram Lester, who died recently at the poor farm in Henry county, Georgia, said that he was 129 years old. A son of his in the same institution is ninety years old, and a daughter of his living in Heard coun-The expression "a grass widow" has sev-

eral fanciful explanations, but is most probably a corruption of the French expression, veuve de grace, a Widow by grace or courtesy; that is, a woman who has left her husband or has been deserted by him, Using potatoes for fuel is something new.
They are so cheap and plentiful in rural
New York that the farmers are said to be
using them in place of coal. After they
have been kiln-dried they throw out a great
heat. They fetch & a ton, and coal \$5. A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but in view of the fact that toughened glass is so much longer lived than wood the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long Puck.

"The feet that push the pedals are the feet that rule the world." Ladies, Do You Ride a Bicycle? Society Sanctions It. Physicians Advise It. Health Demands It. You'll Enjoy It, if It's a PATEE BICYCLES are made in two models for ladies' riding; Model B at \$60; Model A at \$85. They are constructed on true scientific lines, pronounced by expert pathologists as eminently useful in building up the figure and aiding nature in producing and maintaining good, perfect health, without other than pleasant exercise. Riding a Patee requires no violent exertion, such as often causes physical derangements of a distressing Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, a happy mind and Patee Bicycles go together. Come and see the wheel. We can show you why it's the best, but you might bring a bicycle-wise friend along if you like. Maybe he could tell you a good point we would overlook. The wheel hasn't any points but good Ladies are welcome in our now wellknown "rest room." Wheels checked free while vou are down town. Our Riding School is complete. You have nothing new to learn after going through it. 58 and 60 North Pennsylvania St

cieties and individuals, and the result will be a memorable event in the history of the

"Post haste" recalls the days when everybody who was in a hurry and could afford the expense traveled post; that is, with relays of horses at the end of every five or ten miles of the journey, the fresh animals thus enabling greater speed to be

It is a mistake to suppose night air ir owns is unhealthy. In most cases it is purer between 10 at night and 6 in the mornng than any other part of the twenty-four hours. It is beneficial to sleep with the window open four inches from the top, and the door tightly closed.

The Romans built the first stone bridgeacross the Tiber. Suspension bridges are of nemote origin. Kirchen mentions one made in China, with chains supporting the road-way, 830 feet in length, built A. D. 65, and may still be seen. The first large iron bridge was erected over the Severn in 1777. People who are susceptible to the cold should make a point of wearing loose clothing in cold weather. Loose garments are always warmer than tight-fitting ones, not only because they allow room for circulation.

but also because they permit a layer of air between the skin and the outside cold. More than forty thousand sparrows have been destroyed in Gratiot county, Michigan, during the past twelve months, as shown by the bounties paid, but the birds appear to be practically as numerous as ever. One man makes a good income as a sparrow hunter, collecting an average of \$60 a month in boun-

A stupidly obstinate piece of litigation has just been settled by the House of Com-Two Aberdeenshire land owners quarreled over the right to fish in the river Dee which boarders their estate for 150 yards. Both admitted that the fishing was of no value, but they spent \$15,000 to have their rights decided

A cup of hot milk or beef tea, or good So Randy had to buy forage for Mignon, and luckily forage was cheap, with all those ranches of Santa Clara close at Florence sped madly down the steps out sleeplessness is due either to an anaemic condition or mainutrition, or may be to worrying upon business or other matters. According to the present theory of Eng-

land's Constitution, the Queen could not ab-dicate without the consent of Parliament. This point was made quite clear at the revo-lution of 1688. The famous resolution then passed by the Convention Parliament declared that James II had "broken the original contract between King and people.' To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly

obliterated, put the poker in the fire, when red hot, place the coin upon it and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in. The celebrated riddle of the sphinx in

classic story was this: "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon and on three in the evening?" The answer is: "Man, who in infancy, or the morning of life, walks or creeps on his hands and feet; at the noon of life he walks erect; and in the evening of his days, or in old age, supports his infirmities on a staff." It is estimated that not less than 180,000,000

African slaves have perished to glut the avarice of slave traders. It is estimated by competent authorities that for every slave brought from Africa to America ten Africans were killed in their native country during the capture. The same authorities assert that of the number started from the Dark Continent for the new world one-fifth died during the voyage and one-third before they became hardened to slave labor.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Edith-Were you very nervous while he was Jessie-Very! I was afraid we would be in

Very Lazy, Tar Philadelphia North American. Hipson-Layson is the laziest man I know Juggles—Is that so?

Hipson—Yes; why, that man won't even carry life insurance. A Lettered Family.

omerville Journal. Winks-My wife has got a new degree. She is an M. A. now. Binks-You don't say so. Winks-Yes, I do; and I am A. P. A.

A Strong Inducement. Pater-Has my daughter ever offered you any encouragement? Suitor-Oh, yes, sir! She said if I married ner she'd work you for the rent.

The Dear Creatures. Wilmington (Del.) Star. "Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number Was he in that business when he married

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New York Weekly.

New York Weekly.

If the Whisky Trust were controlled by peo- tiamont shtud I make a mislake of sixtyple like Brother Jones, it would be so easy four cents in favor of der man vot vos takin'

o keep liquor out of the reach of the masses. | it oud. New Definition. New York Weekly. Punch. Gus-I hear George has married an heir-"But tell me, Alice, is he-well, is he quite ess. He's in clover now, I suppose; Dick-No, he's working like a horse, trying to pay hir board at a forty-dollar-a-week hotel. Her father pays hers, and she won't

Alice (after a pause)-Well, he's nice-lookng, and he's got his handkerchief up his A Pertinent Query.

The Waterbury. Doctor-Don't be alarmed. I was sicker than you are a year ago, and with the same trouble. To-day I am well and hearty. Patient (anxiously)-Oh, Doctor, tell me, who was your physician?

Her New Bloomers. Yonkers Statesman. "What's that terrible noise up stairs, Brid-

"Sure, it's only the looking glass smashed, mum. Phillis was trying her new bloomer suit on it, mum." An Inwholesome Meal.

Old Subscriber-Editor is sick, eh? What I the matter with him?

Office Boy (Rocket City Bazoo) — Indigestion, I reckon; Colonel Rawhide came up this mornin' an' made him eat his words.

It is announced.

Distracted by Love.

ter. I am the Prince of Wales.
American Girl-How lucky I am! Is your

It is announced that the Theor mean to found "a great school, which she receive and revive the lost systems of anity. The mysteries of ancient

Married Rich.

Gentlemen of Leisure.

Kind Lady-What a nice little girl you

are! Is your father in business in this city? Little Girl-Business! My papa doesn't

A Lucky Girl.

American Girl (at Windsor Castle)-Porter,

Gentleman at the Gate-I am not the por-

is there any chance to get a glimpse of the

have to bother about business.
"Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then"
"Yes'm; he's a detective."

Will Bear Watching.